

SASSY!
sassyfrass circus #3
YA DIG?

5000, YA
WANNA
DO IT?

i could
do this!

BASH!
COMIX
COCKS

LUBE

SEX

You know
You do!

**HONKY TONK
MUSIC!**

CHOCOLATE

CUNTS!

college!

only have time
to draw at
2-AM bags

CLOTHES

FOUCAULT
BUTLER
ELEGANCE

super-sloppy
shading,
sorry!

LOTS
OF
COFFEE

AND
CIGARETTE
DUH.

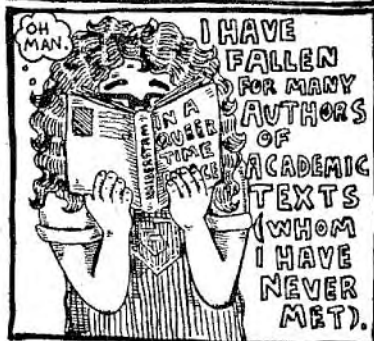
**RED hot
LIPSTICK**

SEXAY

bootay

jenna l.v.





I LIKE TO LISTEN TO
OLD SONGS ABOUT
HEART-
BREAK

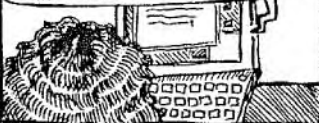


AND POST MISSED
CONNECTIONS
ON CRAIGSLIST

ME: CALAMITY JANE IN TRAIN CONDUCTOR
OVERALLS WITH A SKETCHBOOK

YOU: LUKE THE DRIETER IN CARHARDS WITH
THE TRANARCHY PATCH

LETS TRADE KNOWING LOOKS ON THE
METRO AGAIN SOMETIME!



IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T
HAVE LOVE IN MY LIFE



OR THAT I'M NOT
HAPPY WITH MY LIFE
THE WAY IT IS!



IT'S JUST...
A DIFFERENT KIND
OF LONESOME



LETS ENACT AGENCY
TOGETHER (WASH. DC)

QUEER THEORY NERD WITH A
SOFT SPOT FOR PRE-1960S
AMERICAN CULTURE, COMICS,
AND BUTCHES SEEKS COWBOY
WITH ACADEMIC BOOKISH
SENSIBILITIES TO RIDE OFF
INTO THE SUNSET WITH.
JUST YOU, ME, AND
MICHAEL WARNER.
MUST LOVE BLUES.

♥
Jenna v.
2.22.09

Unmapped.

a love/hate letter to the District in which we discuss queer politics, the ubiquity of Google, and an astonishing number of gorillas.

By Hunky Cat

So my dad was using Google street view to find his old house in Philadelphia, where he grew up in the 1950s. Like most things that Google does, street view is kind of cool and kind of creepy. They gather the images from an unmarked van with this bizarre apparatus on top that has multiple lenses sticking out of it to get a panoramic ground level view. It just rolls down the street real slowly, constantly taking pictures of everything. I've never seen it, but that's what he told me. Anyway, so he was looking at his old house, and he saw this big object sitting on the curb outside of it. He zoomed in closer, felt a twang of recognition and then disbelief. Turns out it was the stereo that his parents had bought in 1963 and left in the house for the next owners to use after they moved out, the same stereo on which he'd listened to his first ever Beatles record on his sixteenth birthday. Whoever lives in the house now must have gotten sick of it and decided to throw it away, on the very same day that good ol' Google Van rolled down the street. My dad hadn't seen the thing in probably 40 years, yet there it was, sitting out on the curb for the whole damn internet to see. He told this to us at the dinner table the other night, my mom, my

two brothers, my sister in law and I. "There's a very limited number of people I could tell this story to who would care," he said. "So you guys get to hear it." We laughed at that, but I think it's a pretty great story anyway. I mean, what the hell, internet? What the hell.

Meanwhile, some wildlife researcher dudes just found approximately 125,000 endangered western lowland gorillas in a small, isolated part of the Northern Republic of Congo. Not only is that an extremely large number of gorillas, it's MORE THAN DOUBLE the number of western lowland gorillas previously thought to exist in the ENTIRE WORLD. Think about that for a minute. I mean, we're not talking about butterflies or mice or some kind of wee little creatures that no one really cares about. Gorillas are fucking huge, and scientists love gorillas. They are (were?) listed as critically endangered, which is the highest possible threat category for a species. And now it turns out they only knew about HALF of them. These guys trekked on foot through the mud for three days to this remote-ass jungle 50 miles from the nearest road, on a tip they got from some hunters. "We found an astonishing amount of gorillas," said researcher Hugo Rainey. Yes you did, Hugo. I mean, what the hell? My dad can go to a popular website and look at the picture some Macbook nerd took of his parent's stereo sitting on the curb of his childhood home, and yet there's an entire swath of lowlands over in the Congo filled with 125,000 hulking, endangered apes that no one's fucking noticed for the last however many centuries people have been taking note of such things. Even putting aside the obviously lopsided and spotty

development of information technology systems across the landscape of postcolonial African nations, this says something about our world today. The full breadth of the statement isn't exactly clear to me yet, but one thing's for sure: even though Google is developing its own uber creepy brand of satellites that can read your license plate from space, THEY CAN'T SEE ALL THE GORILLAS YET, AND THAT MAKES ME FEEL AWESOME FOR SOME REASON.

I mean, it's stifling how much the powers that be know about you, about us, about everything. It's fucking scary and it's wrong. They know a lot. But they don't know everything, and I forget that sometimes. And I also forget that there's so much that we don't know, that we haven't discovered, that we haven't even begun to imagine. And that's kind of scary too, all of that potential brewing around in our brains and our hearts and out in the world, because who knows what's going to come of it. But sometimes it's really goddamn refreshing to remember that wherever it is we're going, no one's ever gone there before. There's a whole world inside of you that I haven't even begun to explore. There's tons of shit I don't even know about myself, much less about this strange, huge, beautiful, fucked up world.

So this city: Dead City, Ghost Town, the Heart of Empire, the Belly of the Beast, whatever you want call it, it's hard on us and we all know it. And it gives us the feeling that there's this path laid out that we're following, and if we veer off it too much we are going to get stern looks and we are not going to get very far.

Well, you know what, fuck that. It's not true. I love you, DC, but I've chosen darkness.

Sincerely yours, Hunky J. Cat

← why is my head so tiny here? this one is bigger



JAN
2004

EGYPT

with
love from
Sassygrass
Circus!
1.23.09

MY DAMN
05 MICRON
PEN JUST
EXPLODED.

I MEANT TO KEEP A TRAVEL JOURNAL OF THE
PICTORAL VARIETY WHILE STUDYING ABROAD
IN EGYPT OVER WINTER BREAK, BUT I BARELY
MANAGED TO KEEP A WRITTEN JOURNAL. THE
POST-TRIP ATTEMPT IS GOING JUST SWELL SO FAR.

WE LEFT FROM
DULLES AIRPORT ON
JAN. 2ND

"I CAN'T
WAIT TO BE
IN EGYPT!"

THE LAST TIME I HAD
BEEN OUT OF THE US WAS
IN THE SUMMER OF 2005...

I WENT TO ISRAEL WITH THE BALTIMORE ZIONIST DISTRICT.

*We flew Delta.
What a shitty airline.
They don't believe in legroom.

ISRAEL
2005

NOPE, IT'S
NOT THIS
ONE EITHER.

WHERE IS THAT
DAMN JOURNAL?

I LOOKED ALL OVER FOR
THE JOURNAL THAT I
KEPT ON THE B2D TRIP
TO ISRAEL, BUT ALL
I FOUND WAS A
COUPLE OF POEMS I
WROTE IN THE FALL OF
2005, AFTER I GOT
BACK HOME.

ANOTHER
DAMN
NOTE-
BOOK

NOTEBOOK

NOTEBOOK II

GUESS WHAT
THIS IS?

NOTEBOOK

NOTEBOOK
LOOK ANOTHER ONE

BY 2005, THE SEEDS OF DOUBT IN MY VEHEMENTLY
ZIONIST UPBRINGING HAD BEEN FIRMLY PLANTED, BUT I WAS
STILL INVESTED IN A LOT OF THE OLD "A LAND WITHOUT A
PEOPLE FOR A PEOPLE WITHOUT A LAND" PROPAGANDA.

HERE'S AN EXCERPT FROM A
POEM I WROTE WHILE VISITING
THE GOLAN HEIGHTS:

"TATTOOED SURVIVORS
SOWED THESE FIELDS
WITH MINES,
FERTILIZED THEM
WITH YOUNG BLOOD,
AND IN THE DRY SPRING,
THE LAND GAVE BIRTH
TO SUNFLOWERS."

"I AM TERRIFIED THAT
I WILL ARRIVE IN ISRAEL
TO FIND THAT THE
PROMISED LAND IS A
MERE DREAM..."

MORE LIKE A
HUGE LIE.

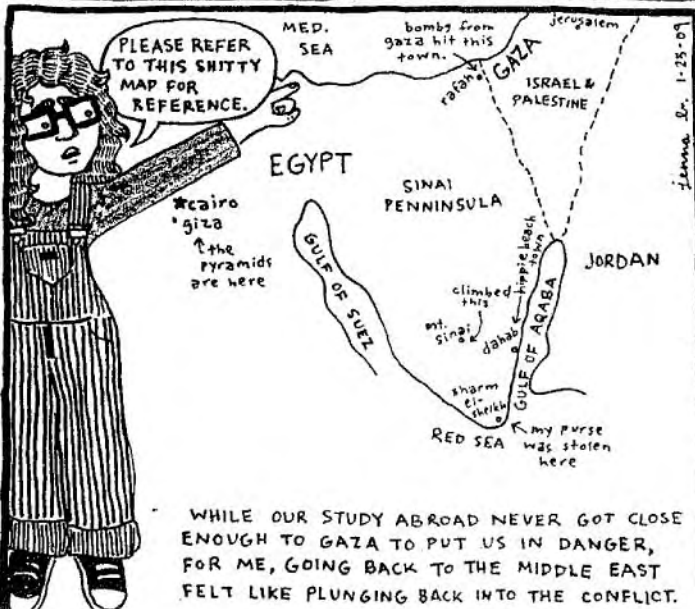
OH!
HERE'S ONE
FROM BEFORE
I LEFT...



*EXCEPT WHEN I VISIT MY FOLKS; THEN I REVERT BACK TO 2005. :-



AT THE END OF 2008, THE 6 MONTH CEASEFIRE BETWEEN ISRAEL & HAMAS EXPIRED. ON THE 6TH NIGHT OF HANNUKAH, A JEWISH HOLIDAY CELEBRATING THE DEFEAT OF AN OPPRESSIVE OCCUPYING FORCE BY A SMALL GUERILLA ARMY, ISRAEL BEGAN OPERATION CAST LEAD IN THE GAZA STRIP. ~J.B.



WHILE OUR STUDY ABROAD NEVER GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO GAZA TO PUT US IN DANGER, FOR ME, GOING BACK TO THE MIDDLE EAST FELT LIKE PLUNGING BACK INTO THE CONFLICT.



IN CAIRO, WE SAW RIOT COPS AND THE TRUCKS USED TO HAVL PROTESTERS TO JAIL ALL OVER THE PLACE. ONE NIGHT WE SAT IN A CAFÉ SMOKING SHEESHA AND WATCHING FOOTAGE OF PROTESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD ON AL-JAZEERA, INCLUDING ONE IN WASHINGTON, DC. SOME OF THE PROTESTERS WERE BURNING ISRAELI FLAGS.



*poorly remembered, also not everyone from the trip, badly drawn.

FEB 22, 2009



On bidding farewell to Bush



By **Farouk Gueida**
Al-Ahram Newspaper
 Jan. 21

Depart in the company of disgrace:
 The blood of a peaceful people on your hands
 Will always haunt your sight.
 All the young ones lost
 In Baghdad's seas of blood
 Will remain like a tattoo of disgrace on your forehead
 That you can never erase.
 In Gaza and Galilee all the tombstones
 Are loaded with explosive rage,
 Cursing your ancestors.
 What remains of the multitude of death
 In Baghdad, I ask.
 Nothing for you remains
 Apart from a miserable end
 Among the ruins.
 As destruction envelopes Gaza,
 Black nights are your only witness.
 Depart, then, in the company of disgrace,
 With no one regretting your departure.

QUESTION WORDS

Who?	meen?
What?	ey?
When?	im-ta?
Where?	fayn?
How?	iz-zo?
Which?	ayy?

TIME & DATES

What time is it?	sa'a 'a kam?
It's (8) o'clock.	sa'a (ta-man-ya)
In the morning	sa-ba-han
In the afternoon	ba'd id duhr
In the evening	bil layl
today	im-ha-r-da
tomorrow	ba-kra
yesterday	im-be-tilh
day	yom
month	shahr
week	us-bu'a
year	sa-na
early	ba-dree
late	mit-'akh-ar
daily	kull yom

NUMBERS

Arabic numerals are simple to learn and, unlike the written language, run from left to right. Pay attention to the order of the words in numbers from 21 to 99. When followed by a noun, the pronunciation of *miyya* changes to *meel* for the numbers 100 and 300-900, and the noun is always used in its singular form.

0	sifr
1	was-Hid
2	it-noyn
3	ta-laa-ta
4	ar-ba'a
5	khamsa
6	sitta
7	sab'a
8	ta-man-ya
9	tis'a
10	'ash-a'a

LANGUAGE

loneypianet.com

Seven Albums That Got Inside My Noggin When I Was Just A Wee One

Contributed by Armida Lowe, of Armida and Her Imaginary Band:
www.myspace.com/armidaandherimaginaryband

When I was very young, my father copied some of his old records onto cassette tapes so we could listen to them in the car. There was one tape that we played so many times, it eventually became warped beyond recognition. Tom Waits's "Closing Time" was on Side 'A,' and Don McLean's "Homeless Brother" was on Side 'B.'

When people ask me who my influences are, as a songwriter, I tend to think about the albums that seared themselves into my subconsciousness during my formative years. Now I'm 21 years old, and these seven albums continue to inspire me:

Tom Waits, Closing Time

On his first album, a young, lovelorn Tom Waits croons barroom ballads and lullabies that reveal a much older soul. The song "Martha" used to make me cry every time I listened to it. Put on this album while you're cruising down the highway at night, and you'll see what I mean.

Don McLean, Homeless Brother

Best known as "the guy who wrote American Pie," Don McLean also composed several albums of beautifully written folk songs. On "Homeless Brother," he tells maudlin stories of hobos, wanderers, and lovers with a good-natured sense of humor that is rare among folk singers.

Lyle Lovett, Pontiac

The first time I ever did karaoke, I sang "She's No Lady" from my favorite Lyle Lovett album, "Pontiac." Lovett delivers country songs about jealous lovers and difficult women with the swagger of a jazz musician. Whereas songs like "L.A. County" have a distinct twang reinforced by steel guitar, others, like "Black and Blue," sound like a lounge act, complete with a horn section.

Maria Muldaur, On The Sunny Side

This album was written specifically for children, but unlike a lot of children's music, it doesn't insult the intelligence of its audience. Maria Muldaur lends her sweetly husky voice to old Tin Pan Alley standards, original songs like "Cooking Breakfast For The Ones I Love," and even a cover of Dolly Parton's "Coat of Many Colors."

Sparky Rucker, A Home In Tennessee

To this day, I still haven't heard a better collection of traditional folk songs than this children's album by Sparky Rucker, which includes old favorites like "Froggy Went A-Courtin'" and "Crawdad." Sparky is a natural storyteller whose jubilant singing voice is instantly endearing. My favorite part of the album comes at the end of Side 'A,' when Sparky's back-up singers shout, "Sparky! It's time to flip the tape over!"

Cliff Edwards, Ukelele Ike

Better known as the voice of Jiminy Cricket in Walt Disney's "Pinocchio," Cliff Edwards was also a prolific vaudevillian and Tin Pan Alley musician. This was my first introduction to the ukulele, and to the theatrical performance style that I later adopted. One of the most interesting features of these recordings is Ike's improvisational "effin" solos, which sound like the human voice imitating a trumpet or kazoo.

Johnny Mercer, V-Disc Recordings: For Our Armed Services Overseas

This out-of-print album features Johnny Mercer singing some of his most popular songs, backed by a full orchestra. Mercer sings with a natural ease and a humor that fits the light-heartedness of these recordings, which were originally intended for American armed forces who were overseas during WWII.



RUBY

WHAT YOU
DID TO ME

JAB 2.28.09

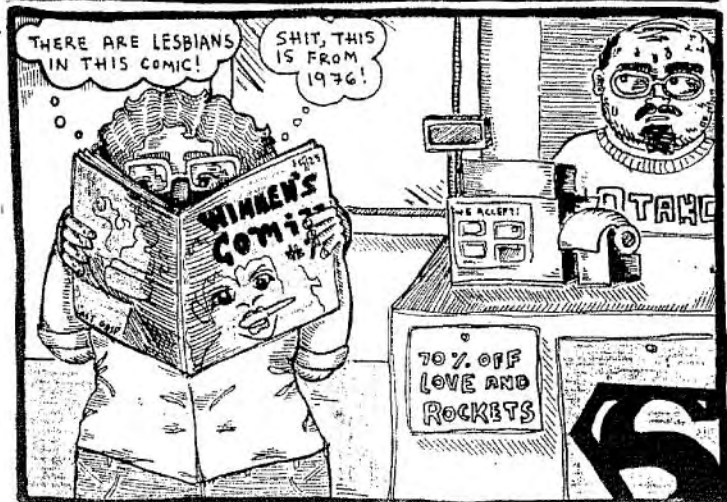


TO BE CONTINUED...

YON SASSY LASS TAKES A VISIT TO YE OLDE LOCAL COMIC BOOK STORE...









WIMMEN'S COMIX WAS PUBLISHED FROM 1972 TO 1992. THE ORIGINAL COLLECTIVE INCLUDED ONE OF MY HEROES, ALINE KOMINSKY!



LIKE MANY OTHER UNDERGROUNDS, WIMMEN'S COMIX CONTAINED EXPLICIT, EVEN PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES AND WIMMEN'S COMIX IN PARTICULAR DEALT WITH SUBJECTS OF WOMEN'S SEXUALITY, LIKE LESBIANISM AND SEX WORK...

Ilana Dr. 3-8-07

THE ISSUE I FOUND, #7, WAS FROM 1976, THE SAME YEAR Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAYPM) WAS FOUNDED, AND AROUND THE START OF THE FEMINIST SEX WARS. HOW JUICY!



WE FIND OUR HEROINE ONLINE, IN DESPERATE PURSUIT OF MORE WIMMEN'S COMIX!

DAMN, ALL OF THESE ARE LIKE 30 BUCKS EACH! YEAH RIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED?

Westboro Baptist Church

(WBC Chronicle - Since 1955)
3701 SW 12th Street Topeka, Kansas 66604 784-273-0325 www.godhatesfags.com
Religious Opinion and Bible Commentary on Current Events

Saturday, February 28, 2009

NEWS RELEASE

WBC TO PICKET FAG- INFESTED TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL, 69 CEDAR AVE., TOWSON, MARYLAND. MON., MAR. 30, 2:10-2:45 P.M.

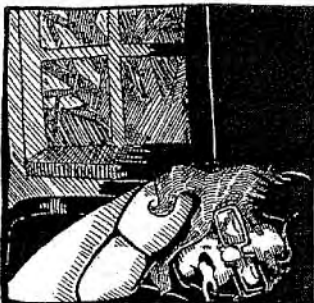
Yes. WBC will conduct an educational picket in religious protest and warning; to wit: *"Be not deceived; God is not mocked."* Gal. 6:7. God Hates Fags! & Fag-Enablers. Ergo, God hates Towson High School, her administrators, faculty, and student body. *"Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind; it is abomination. Neither shalt thou lie with any beast, to defile thyself therewith."* Lev. 18:22,23. All fags are "natural brute beasts." 2 Pet. 2:12. *Sodomy destroys the life, damns the soul, and shortens the life span otherwise by at least 20 years. Amen.*

GOD HATES MARYLAND.

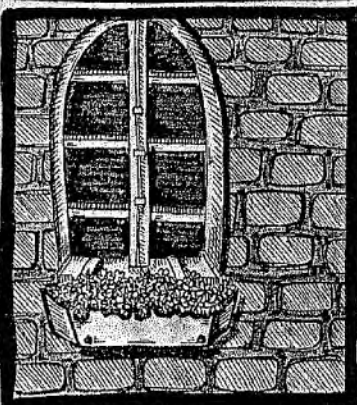
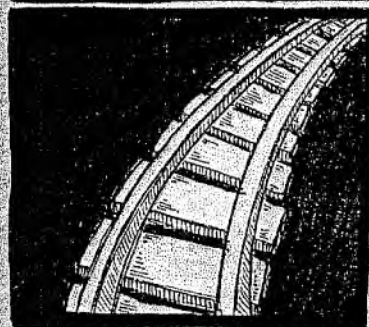
↑ I feel an odd sense of
pride that Phelps picked
my high school to picket!
ERGO! I mean, God does
hate Maryland.



* CIGS. NOT WEEP.







windows, houses, tracks

jenna l. 2-26-09

This issue of
SASSYFRASS CIRCUS
is dedicated to
Miss ARMIDA LOWE
for playing Don McLean's
"Sail Away Raymond"
over and over at
my request...

And also to
Christina B Hanhardt
for being the best
teacher I've ever had,
making me like school,
and for being a grown-up
who likes my comix.

ON DA E-MAIL
@ JENNA.BRAGER
[AT] GMAIL [DOT] COM

ON DA WEB @
SASSYFRASSCIRCUS.COM

♡ jenna br.



*If I didn't define myself for myself,
I would be crushed into other people's
fantasies for me and eaten alive.*

Audre Lorde

don't steal my toons
FOR FAVOR.

zine is \$1.50-3.00 sliding or trade.

Charles
Cittas

Actual Photograph of the
man who holds the title
"The World's Most Per-
fectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, popcrazed, second-rate body—and I'll cram it as full of handsome, bulging new muscles that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!



You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a Fifth Avenue fellow called me "Baboon." Girls tinkered and made fun of my back. I was a Sop. THEN I discovered my marvelous power of being a thing again—"Dynamite MAN!" And it turned me into one of those terrific men of dynamite that later I found the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you, then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes. "That's the way!"

"Dynamic Friction" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUNE 13 SEVENTIES simple. . . . these spiritual sense and legs of yours begin to swell, and your whole body starts to feel "extra," full of zip and joy.

**One Postage Stamp
May Change Your Whole Life!**

As I've picked up shows, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MANN—day by day—the country over. **1,000,000** follows, young and old, home and away.

...the same time, she's always gathered a pair-
...the same time, she's always gathered a pair-
...the same time, she's always gathered a pair-

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once the

...what it can do for You! Address: CHAMBERLAIN, 475 N. ...

100 West 11th St., New York 10, N. Y.

MAIL
COUPON—
NOW—FOR
FREE BOOK

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 312F,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, bony body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
(if any)

☐ Check here if under 18 for Applicant A.